

Among the rays that nourish  
Folly's painted bower.

## III

The lovely maid thus neatly,  
To her bosom prest,  
Wears with a grace as sweetly,  
Modesty's pure vest.  
Where follies all excluded,  
From her native dale,  
Dwell all sweet charms secluded,  
In their virgin veil.

## IV

If many lovers vanish,  
Seeking light one's mirth,  
Her coyness will not banish  
Those of real worth.  
Her heart could never cherish  
Heart that loves to rove;  
But sad and chill would perish  
Where it could not love.

## V

Thus may thy Poet lonely,  
Live to fame unknown;  
Or share that glory only,  
Which is like thine own.  
May simple merit cover,  
With her silent shade,  
Thy bard, who is no lover  
Of the world's parade.